HYMNS

BY

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

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MY WISH.

The wish I wished was dream-fulfilled,
  And when I woke I could not bear
To find the phantasy of sleep
  Had vanished in the morning air.

I rose and slew it with a vow:—
  "Vain wish, I'll cherish thee no more!"
I flung it in Oblivion's stream
  And saw it drifting from the shore.

Still the dark waves that rolled away
  Tossed back its plaintive moan to me,
As up from Hebrus rose the wail,
  "Eurydice! Eurydice!"

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

"PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL."

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

Sweet grows the world to-day and fair,
Seen through the spring-time's lovely sheen—
A tender mist of golden green,
That veils the earth and fills the air.

And lightly, softly blows the breeze,
With blossom-odors interblent,
And interwoven with their scent,
The murmurous hum of golden bees.

And mingled with their braided balm
A voice of dreamy sweetness near,
Half sings, half sighs, in plaintive cheer,
A strain that linketh calm with calm.

On Nature's heart mine own I rest;
"Peace, troubled soul," she soft entreats;
"Peace, troubled soul," the voice repeats,
In the low psalm that suits me best.

And through the mist of faith I see
A vision fair of one who stands
And stretches out his pierced hands,
Saying, "My peace I give to thee."

Independent.

The following sweet poem from Miss Kimball, we copy from this number:

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they:—
We but obey
One who calleth us far away—

"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

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BY

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

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I.

HYMNS.

JESUS! THE LADDER OF MY FAITH.

JESUS! the ladder of my faith
Rests on the jasper walls of Heaven;
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Faint visions of the mystic Seven!

The glory of the rainbowed Throne
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame;
As once, on Earth, Thy love divine
Burned thro' the robes of human shame.

Thou art the same, O gracious Lord!
The same dear Christ that Thou wert then;
And all the praises angels sing
Delight Thee less than prayers of men!

We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That Thou, dear Saviour! dost not feel.

Thy pity, like the dew, distils;
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmèd music of Thy Voice,
That calls all weary ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice!

VIA DOLOROSA.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation."—St. John xvi. 33.

MY Saviour said: "Take up thy cross
And follow me where I may lead;
Count every earthly treasure dross,
And, losing, find thy life indeed."

I raised my burden; it was light:
Alas! how heavy it has grown!
O toilsome way! O cruel height!
Lord, can I bear my cross alone?

My foes, unnumbered and unseen,
Press madly round me day and night;

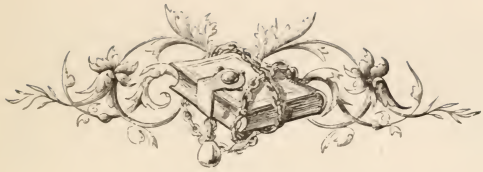
I have no friend on whom to lean;
I sink in sorrow and affright!

O blessed Voice! . . . I hear Him say:
"Lo, I am with thee till the end;
Thy strength shall fail not through thy day,
And I am thy Eternal Friend."

The burdens of the world He bore,
And shall I shrink from bearing mine?
Alone He walked in anguish sore,
But me upholds with love divine.

His grace can smooth the roughest road;
The way He hallowed I will take:
How heavy, yet how light the load
That I must bear for His dear sake!

Through tribulation though He lead,
He maketh self-denial sweet;
My life I lose each day indeed
To find it at my Saviour's feet!



MY KNOWLEDGE.

HOUGH men confront the living God
With wisdom than His Word more wise,
And leaving paths apostles trod
Their own devise;
I would myself forsake and flee,
O Christ, the living Way, to Thee!

I know not what the schools may teach,
Nor yet how far from truth depart;
One lesson is within my reach —
The Truth Thou art:

And learning this, I learn each day
To cast all other lore away.

I cannot solve mysterious things,
  That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife;
But oh! what peace this knowledge brings,
  Thou art the Life;
Hid in Thy everlasting deeps,
The silent God His secret keeps.

The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art!
  This, this I know; to this I cleave;
The sweet new language of my heart—
  "Lord, I believe:"
I have no doubt to bring to Thee;
My doubt has fled, my faith is free!

A HYMN OF CONFESSION.

EAR Lord! to Thee alone I dare
The record of my sins repeat;
Thou knowest all before my prayer
Is breathed in sorrow at Thy feet.

My newest griefs to Thee are old;
My last transgression of Thy law,
Though wrapped in thought's most secret fold,
Thine eyes with pitying sadness saw.

Not Thine Omniscience, but Thy grace
Leads me to seek Thee day and night,
When I should shrink from human face,
Were this frail heart in human sight.

Hope that Thy love will hide my shame
With pardon tender, full, and sweet,
Bestowed when asked in Jesus' name, —
This bows me, Father! at Thy feet.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

THERE is a wondrous pearl whose price
No angel's tongue could name;
It was not from the Persian Gulf
This lustrous treasure came:

Not from the Coromandel coast,
Nor yet from any sea
That laves the shores of any lands,
Or pearl-famed isles that be.

This gem from depths of Love Divine
The Heavenly Bridegroom brought,
A marriage-token to the Bride
His Cross and Passion bought.

Earth's rarest pearls are dross beside
This "jewel of the just,"
Whose beauty Time can never dim
Nor crumble into dust.

When Heaven shall make the marriage-feast,
In dazzling raiment drest,
The Bride will meet the Lord of Life —
His love-gift on her breast.

Its peerless light shall evermore
Her songs of praise inspire,
While "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,"
Peals from the Heavenly choir!

THE OFFERING.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" — Ps. cxvi. 12.

"In every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering." — Mal. i. 11.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." — Ps. li. 17.

SAVIOUR, is there any thing
I have failed to bring?
Lies my offering at Thy feet
Incomplete?

Lord, bethink Thee, I am poor;
Slender is my store;

Yea, my best is nothing worth
Even on earth;

Even to men: O then how small
To the Lord of all,
Who, creating worlds anew,
As the dew

Sweeps them lightly from their place
In the fields of space;
Counts the Universe as nought
But a thought!

Yet since Thou hast deigned to ask,
O how sweet the task
(Though the gift be poor), to bring
Every thing!

Every thing? Alas, this fear!
I may yet appear
Holding some dear bauble fast
At the last.

Saviour, is there any thing
I have failed to bring?
Lies my offering incomplete
At Thy feet?

Answered He: "If thou hast brought,
Clothing every thought,
Love to God and love to man
As men can;

"Charity for all who stray
From the narrow way;
Eager hands to draw them back,
And point the track;

"Gifts according to thy store
For the needy poor;
In my suffering ones dost see
Even me;

"If thy tears are swift to flow
For thy brother's woe;

Having strength, if thou dost seek
To raise the weak;

"If thou dost My mercy show
Even to thy foe;
Grant the pardon proffered thee,
Full and free;

"Yea, if thou thy will hast brought
Crossing Mine in nought;
Faith that shall outlast thy breath,
Strong in death;

"Matters not thy world's estate,
Be it small or great;
This thy offering thou dost bring
Every thing!"

Nay, my Lord, my Lord! I cried;
I am sorely tried;
Nothing, nothing have I brought
That I ought!

Cold my love to Thee, Most High;
  Cold my charity!
Idle hands and heart of stone
    Are my own.

Mine an unsubdued will;
  Faith that gropeth still;
Yet, O God my Righteousness,
    Bless, O bless!

This at least to Thee I bring —
  Meek petitioning;
Humble penitence and pain; —
    Is it vain? —

Strong desire to serve Thee more
  Than I have before;
And in Thy suffering ones to see
    Even Thee!

Now indeed my tears do flow
  For all others' woe,

Tasting grief that doth surpass
All, alas!

Hear me, Lord of earth and sky!
At Thy feet I lie;
My confessions all I bring —
Every thing!

Pitying Lord, wilt Thou despise
This my sacrifice?
Tell me, Saviour, do I bring
Any thing?

Answered He: "At last, at last
Is thy pride o'erpast!
Little is thy best, indeed;
Great thy need.

"Yet, beloved of my Heart,
I for thee did smart;
On the Cross in thy dear stead
Bowed My Head:

"Through death's sharpest, sorest throes
I triumphant rose,
Even that thou mightest be
Raised with Me.

"Is My love for thee grown less
That I should not bless;
Or the lowliest sacrifice
Should despise?

"Nay; but I am satisfied,
Having all beside
Since that erring heart of thine,
On My shrine,

"Broken, contrite, suppliant lies —
Sweetest sacrifice!
In that offering thou dost bring
EVERY THING!"

HYMNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

FORSAKEN.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, . . . and with his stripes we are healed."—Is. xliii. 5.

IN anguish mortal could not bear
Lo, on the cross Immanuel dies!
Crowned with the thorns of sacrifice
He drains the cup of Earth's despair.

Within Gethsemane's sacred shade
The angel stood a little space
While, with the blood-sweat on His face,
The Man of Sorrows prostrate prayed.

No more — the angel comes no more!
In silence bowed before the Throne
His hosts attend His dying moan
Withdrawn from Him whom they adore.

"Forsaken, O my God!" He cries;
That cry the temple's vail hath rent;
The heavens in awful stillness bent
Are darkened with the death He dies!

The horror-stricken universe,
Like a vast sea in wild unrest
Transfixed with wide upheaving breast,
Feels the slow-lifting of the curse.

Hark! while His dumb wounds intercede
For man who led his Lord to die,
There comes an answering, human cry:
"This was the Son of God, indeed!"

The Christ! the Christ! Rejecting Earth,
In vain for thee a second flood;
Yet in the washing of His blood
Thy children find a second birth!

Flee, frail and trembling heart of mine,
To Him thy Refuge and thy Strength!
The solemn shadows lift at length
And even Sinai's summits shine:

Shine in the glorious beams that break
Around the Cross of Him who saith:
"I have redeemed thy soul from death;
Forsaken, I will ne'er forsake!"

II.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

SAD, reproachful Face,
How can I look and live!
O pierced Hands outstretched to save!
O Voice that pleads "Forgive!"

"Forgive!" though crowned with thorns,
And mocked with many a jeer;

"Forgive!" though tortured by the nails,
And wounded by the spear.

O crimson tide of love
Out-gushing from His side,
Flow down, and wash the guilty earth
Where He is still denied!

In penitence my soul
Takes up that cry, "Forgive!"
Flow down, and wash away my sins
That I may look and live!

HYMN FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

AT this Thy banquet, Lord of all,
May less than angel dare to sup?
The crumbs that from Thy Table fall
Unworthy we to gather up.

Yet oh! too poor to turn away,
Too glad to own Thy gracious claim,
We stay because Thou bid'st us stay,
Despite our garb of want and shame.

Before Thine Altar kneeling low
We bare our sinful hands to Thine;
O Holy Lord, Thy pity show,
And cleanse us with Thy touch divine!

Fill Thou these empty palms with food —
The Bread Thou broughtest from above;
This cup with Thy most precious Blood —
The wine of Thy atoning Love!

The hunger and the thirst we plead
No meaner feast could satisfy;
O Saviour, in our utter need
Thou, Thou must feed us, or we die!

THE REBUKE.

I HEARD, and disobeyed!
Thy judgment-hand, O God,
Uplifted, smote me to the earth
In the dark way I trod.

Low-lying in the dust,
Broken by Thy reproof,
I said, "His mercy I have lost;
Wrath holdeth Love aloof."

Humbly I wept and prayed —
No more by sin enticed;
Then, lifting up my streaming eyes,
Beheld the wounded Christ.

Lo! in His bleeding hands
Love's richest pledge I see;
And mercy's sweetest message falls
From His dear lips for me.

O just and holy God!
Thy wrath I read amiss:
The love that follows Thy rebuke —
Was ever love like this?

JESUS, TAKE MY SINS AWAY.

OLY One! whose heavenly splendor
Faith doth shadow forth in visions,
Through the homage angels render,
Hearken to my poor petitions!
Night and day,
Hear me crying, hear me crying,
"Jesus, take my sins away!"

All the story Love hath written
In Thy blood for Earth to ponder,
I have read, and read, till smitten
With belief too rapt for wonder.

Night and day
Hear me crying, hear me crying,
"Jesus take my sins away!"

Bruised and bleeding 'neath the burden
Of my manifold transgressions;
Clinging to Thy Cross for pardon
While I stammer my confessions;
Night and day,
Hear me crying, hear me crying,
"Jesus, take my sins away!"

RETURN.

ETURN, O wanderer from the fold, —
The Heavenly Shepherd's loving keep!
With grief, no language ever told,
He mourns thee, numbering o'er His sheep,
And all the blessed angels weep.

All day He waits with yearning face;
His weary eyes no slumber take;
But when the night steals on apace,
His feet the sheltered flock forsake, —
Through thorns their bleeding way they make.

Those feet the highest Heights have trod;
That head the Crown of crowns possessed;
He left the blazing Throne of God,
And humbly as a shepherd dressed
For thee resigned his ancient rest.

In all the dark no ray is seen;
His anguished face alone appears;
No answer breaks the hush between
Those calls that reach angelic ears,
And move the pitying heaven to tears.

O Holy Shepherd! not in vain
Thy care, Thy sorrowing search shall be!
The wandering soul that wrought Thy pain,
Must hear, must heed, must haste to Thee,
No more Thy fold of love to flee!

PRAYING IN SPIRIT.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." — St. Matt. vi. 6.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

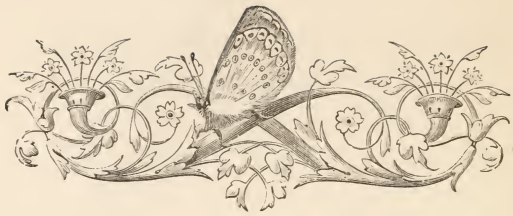
There is a viewless, cloistered room,
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,
When folly wins my ear no more,
The closet door is shut, indeed.

No human step approaching, breaks
The blissful silence of the place;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face!

And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the spirit-words I say.

One hearkening, even, cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,
For He, alone, who hears my prayer,
Has heard the shutting of the door!



TRUST.

TO Him who hears, I whisper all;
And softlier than the dews of heaven
The tears of Christ's compassion fall:
I know I am forgiven!

Wrapt in the peace that follows prayer
I fold my hands in perfect trust,
Forgetful of the cross I bear
Through noonday heat and dust.

No more Life's mysteries vex my thought;
No cruel doubts disturb my breast;
My heavy-laden spirit sought
And found the promised rest.

THE TWO CITIES.

ON the dusky shores of evening, stretched in
shining peace it lies,
City built of clouds and sunshine — wonder
of the western skies!

While I watch, and long for pinions thitherward to take
my flight,
Slowly the aërial city fades and vanishes from sight.

Ruby dome, and silver temple, circling wall of amethyst,
Fall in silence, leaving only purple ruin hung with mist.

Darkness gathers eastward, westward; stronger waxeth
my desire,
Reaching through celestial spaces, glittering as with rain
of fire,

To the City set in jasper, having twelve foundations fair,
Flashing from their jewelled splendor every color soft
and rare.

Twelve in number are its gateways — numbered by the
Seer of old —
Every gate a pearl most lustrous; and its streets are
paved with gold.

In the midst, in dazzling whiteness, lightens the Eternal
Throne;
From it flows the Living Water — round it gleams an
emerald zone.

Luscious fruits, and balmy odors, healing leaves, and
cooling shade,
Either side the Life-tree sheddeth, by sweet storms of
music swayed.

O thou grand, untempled City, seen by John in visions bright,
Glory-flooded, needing neither sun by day nor moon by night;

Filled forever and forever by the shining light of Him
Who redeemed the world, and sitteth throned between the Seraphim!

Through thy lovely gates the nations of the saved in triumph stream,
Chanting praise above all praises — love of love their holy theme!

They no more shall thirst, or hunger; they no more with heat shall faint;
Christ for tears will give them gladness — blissful rest for sore complaint.

Blessed they who do His bidding! cries the Angel, day and night;
They shall find abundant entrance — they shall walk with Him in white!

DOUBT.

MY heart is heavy at her prayers:
"God *may* bow down," she saith, "and hear."
Her doubt ascending unawares
Methinks must grieve His patient ear!

His promise faileth not, I know;
And I have learned it line by line;
Then, if believing, why so slow
Am I to make that promise mine?

Not thus the barren Earth receives
  The sweet assurance of the Spring,
But putting on her robe of leaves
  In perfect trust begins to sing.

The April pledge of sun and shower
  She knows the Summer will fulfil,
Nor fail to spread her golden dower
  In waving wealth from hill to hill.

And I — I know that He who sends
  The ripening heat, the strengthening rain,
My lightest breath of prayer attends,
  Nor shall I find His promise vain.

Dear Lord, whose love doth over-brood
  My faith though cold and faint it be,
Dispel this doubt that dares intrude
  Between my sorrowing heart and Thee!

Dispel this doubt, Thou Heavenly Sun!
  Thou Spirit sweeter than the Spring!

Then shall my drooping faith put on
The garment of Thy praise and sing:

To Him whose Word shall time outrun
To Him whose Blood the promise seals,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
My song shall rise in grateful peals!

HUMBLE SERVICE.

IT is an easy thing to say,
"Thou knowest that I love Thee, Lord!"
And easy in the bitter fray
For His defence to draw the sword.

But when at His dear hands we seek
Some lofty trust for Him to keep,
To our ambition vain and weak
How strange His bidding: "Feed my sheep."

"Too mean a task for love," we cry;
Remembering not if, in our pride,
We pass His humbler service by,
Our vows are by our deeds denied.

O Father! help us to resign
Our hearts, our strength, our wills to Thee;
Then even lowliest work of Thine
Most noble, blest, and sweet will be!

MY FIELD.

I WILL not wrong thee, O To-day,
With idle longing for To morrow;
But patient plough my field, and sow
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the loving light
That melts the cloud's repellent edges;
The still unfolding, bud by bud,
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

I breathe His breath; my life is His;
The hand He nerves knows no defrauding, —
The Lord will make this joyless waste
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding! Yes; and yet
Not mine a single blade or kernel;
The seed is His; the quickening His;
The care, unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest song shall be,
When He who blest the barren furrow
Shall thrust His shining sickle in,
And reap my little field To-morrow.

A HARVEST HYMN.

Written for the Amesbury and Salisbury Agricultural Exhibition, Sept. 17, 1860.

O HAPPY day, returned once more,
With golden plenty still replete!
As though she never gave before,
Earth pours her treasures at our feet!

And ne'er did ruddier fruit fulfil
The rosy prophecies of May;
Ne'er did the rugged lands we till
Yield sweeter corn, or flowers more gay.

Not one among the many here
Who prune the tree, or plough the soil,
But has some share in Nature's cheer —
Some liberal recompense for toil.

Yet none his choicest stores may boast
Of flowers, or fruits, or garnered grain;
For labor of his hands were lost,
Unblest by heaven's refreshing rain.

O, thanks to God! whose love abides,
And scatters bounties everywhere;
Who in the heart of Nature hides
The germ of His unfailing care.

More rich than Autumn's robe of leaves
Should be the garments of our praise;
And ampler than her ample sheaves
The charities that crown our days.

More fragrant than the meadow's breath
The incense of our souls should rise,

From Life's rude altars wreathed by Faith
With borrowed bloom from Paradise.

O, clearly, then, could we behold
In flowers that fade, and fruits that fall,
Sweet hints, which earthly gifts enfold,
Of treasure stored in Heaven for all!

THE BELL IN THE TOWER.

I HEAR the bell in the high church-tower,
Striking the hour;
The hushed Night hearkens, like one who stands
In sudden awe, with uplifted hands!

A Spirit up in the tower doth dwell,
And when the bell
Peals out the hours, with a measured chime,
I hear him turning the sands of time!

He says: "Life dieth with every breath!"
Whispers of Death:
"It is the fall of the flower of Earth;
The promise-seed of immortal birth!"

He speaks to the striving world below:
"Why do ye so?
Will all the treasure that hand can hold
Buy sweeter sleep in the church-yard mould?

"Behold one God, over great and small,
Judgeth ye all!
Ask Him for grace in the morning light,
And pray for pardon and peace at night!"

O, while I listen my whole soul bows,
Paying her vows;
And folly fleeth with sinful fear,
As those clear bell-strokes fall on my ear!

For not more solemn the holy chimes,
In other times,

That helped the faithful to pray aright,
And put the spirits of air to flight!

And ever — ever would I be near,
Daily to hear —
Daily and nightly, in work or rest,
The Voice that pierces and soothes my breast!

THE WORLDLING.

THE bluest skies, the softest airs,
The sweetest odors fill the day,
And morning lays her loveliest snares
To lure the worldling on his way.

Here from ten thousand flickering leaves
Her breezy fingers shake the dew,
The while a shadow-net she weaves,
Large flakes of splendor sifting through.

The sweeping fields are starred with gold—
  Bright glimpse of Nature's garnered wealth;
And there the sweet brier's buds unfold
  To take his heedless heart by stealth.

There deftly stretched on grassy spears
  The spider's curious web outlies;
A marvel hung with heaven's own tears,
  It catches not his roving eyes.

Amid the elm-tree's feathery spray
  The tireless robin whistles clear,
And from the woods that skirt the way
  With verdure constant all the year—

Hark!—deep within their deepest hush,
  Divinely calm, and rapture-sweet,
The singing of the Hermit-thrush
  Fills and o'erflows his blest retreat.

On glancing wings the butterfly
  Hints how the soul new-born to bliss,

For the wide freedom of the sky
Forsakes her narrow chrysalis.

He does not hear, he does not see —
The worldling wrapt in worldly schemes;
What wonder then that such as he
Count faith's most glorious visions, dreams!

If all that he *might* see and touch
Be lost upon his grovelling soul —
If Nature's little be too much,
Can he receive the sacred Whole?

Stay! lest our judgment set a bound
For Him who notes the sparrow's fall,
Who in a loving, endless round
Of benefactions cares for all.

He in the form of man restored
The blind, the deaf, the dumb of old;
As then men cry, "Have mercy, Lord!"
Still clinging to His garments' fold.

Nor these alone He patient heeds,
  But still the stubborn knee he bends;
Still gently answering all their needs
  Wins foe and stranger for His friends.

Pass on, poor worldling! unaware
  That, self-rebuked for judging thee,
I track thee with a silent prayer
  To Him who gave my sight to me: —

Reveal Thyself, O Christ the Whole,
  And Nature's Part shall glorious shine;
Flash all *Thy* beauty on his soul —
  Thy beauty is indeed divine!

Reveal Thyself, O Lovely One,
  And he shall count Creation nought
But the fair robe Thou puttest on —
  A robe of light with wonders wrought!

THE RIVER.

ABOVE the winding River's brink
The tall trees wave their branches green;
Their cool brown roots, washed bare and clean,
Reach down through cooler depths to drink.

"Behold, how heavenly is my task!"
Methinks the River murmurs low;
"As God bestoweth, I bestow;
To be like Him is all I ask."

O River! thou and I are one
  In sweet desire to serve and be,
  Yet every day I grieve to see
How all my deeds do self-ward run!

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

II.

POEMS OF CONSOLATION.

THE GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." — Rev. iii. 20.

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily!
Lamp and fire were out: the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock;
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"*I am come to sup with thee!*"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow!" said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark I found the lock:—
"Enter! I have turned the key!—
Enter, Stranger!
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name:
In the guest-chair took his place;
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my MASTER
Was the Guest that supped with me!

THE BELOVED TEACHER.

P. Nichols – Portsmouth N. H.

THOUGHT: what numbers press to pay
Their homage to the good man's worth;
And close, with loving, reverent hands
The grave's green entrance — *earth to earth!*

Not they alone who crowd the church —
A larger gathering flocks this way;
A youthful train that stretches far
Down many a joyous yesterday.

Along the line of twoscore years
In fair procession see them throng!
And one — the least among them — breaks
The silence with a sorrowing song: —

The home is darkened where he dwelt,
And, unrestrained by roof or wall,
Out-circling to a thousand more
That solemn darkness touches all.

O genial, generous, faithful soul,
Unfaltering even to the end,
Thou hast "dismissed" us all, and dropt
The hand of pupil and of friend!

Dropt them for that Most Blessed Hand
Whose pierced palm our lips have prest
In love's allegiance — saying low,
With broken utterance: *God knows best.*

No more wilt thou thy books unclose,
Awarding honest blame or praise:

The Holy Teacher teaches us
From the full volume of thy days.

Fair as the palm-tree's fairest height,
And goodly as the cedar's shade,
The memory of thy virtue fills
The void thy vanished life hath made.

One word: Farewell! a word of peace,
Across the stream of death it lies;
A bridge, beyond whose slender arch
No sorrow lives — no dear hope dies.

CHARLIE.

HARLIE! did the great and Holy City
Seem so far — so far beyond? —
That thine eyes should turn to faces fond,
Sad, with hopeless watch, and pale, —
Faces bowed in human pity —
Unavailing, human pity —
With that most pathetic wail: —
"*Many, many weary steps!*"

When thy patient hand did cling
To the parent hand,
While thy footsteps faltering,
Neared the Promised Land;
Did'st thou learn how frail a thing
Is the strongest hand of earth?
Love that clasped thee at thy birth,
Failed to bear thee unto death.
Sad complaint! and sweet petition!
Answered only by despair —
By Affection's dumb despair —
That o'er-leaned thy weak condition:
Weaker even than *thy* weakness;
Palsy-stricken when thy breath
Shaped these words of mournful meekness! —
"*Many, many weary steps!*"

O Thou Most Compassionate!
Shepherd, in Thy Kingly State —
While the "Holy! Holy! Holy!"
Ebbs and flows around thy feet —

Rolling through the seraph-throng
Like a mighty sea of song,
Breaking, wave on wave, with roar
Of majestic exultation,
Of ecstatic adoration,
On an ever-listening shore! —
Thou dost bend Thine ear
In each thrilling pause to hearken
To the pulses of Creation; —
To the wails that rend the skies;
To the praying of the lowly;
To the faintest infant-sighs!
When the twilight shadows darken
In these barren wastes below,
Where Thy flocks are wandering slow,
Thou dost hear the young lambs bleat!
Gentle Shepherd! Thou dost see
Prayerful eyes upraised to Thee:
Holy Shepherd! Thou dost heed
Every cry of grief or need.
Ah! more meek than mourner's face;

Wilder than Love's wild despair;
More impassioned than its prayer;
And more pitiful by far,
Than Earth's selfish moanings are,
Was that soft beseeching glance —
Was that plaintive utterance,
Drifting to Thy Holy Place —
"*Many, many weary steps!*"

Vain, indeed, that "human plaint,"
Poured into the human ear!
Vain the arm of man or saint,
Stretched to raise the drooping child!
Yet, O Shepherd! *Thou* did'st hear
Thou did'st lift the little stranger —
(Stranger to that awful "wild")
In Thine Infinite embrace!
Lifted him from every danger;
Lifted him from every woe;
While the glory of Thy face,
Touching it with amber glow,

Made the deathful darkness seem
Like the dawn of heavenly dream!
  Peace profound, and sweet as deep,
With its spell of silence, stole
O'er the little longing soul —
  In Thine arms he fell asleep!

Nevermore those feet shall weary
On the death-road, lone and dreary;
Nevermore that spirit-cry,
Born of mortal agony,
  As he passed through life's eclipse —
  Shall escape those patient lips: —
    "*Many, many weary steps!*"

O Thou most compassionate!
  Comfort them that follow on
  In the way the child hath gone!
Give them strength, dear Christ! to bear
    Every cross of sorrow;
Knowing that the brows of Care
    Thou wilt crown to-morrow!

Knowing that Thy pitying ear,
Ever Earth-ward bent, will hear, —
When the heart and flesh shall fail,
In the journeying through the night,
With Thy Heaven almost in sight —
That sad, human, thrilling wail: —
"MANY, MANY WEARY STEPS!"

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

N rest untroubled lies her fair young head:
Cold is her shroud; colder the heart below!
No more the feverish pulses come and go;
The watchers are the watchers of the dead.

Sad eyes that saw her fade, are full of tears;
Fond hands that smoothed her pillow, clasped in prayer;
And Love goes wailing in its dark despair,
Till the sweet dawning of God's grace appears.

O blest the soul whose voice of faith can say
In the storm-lulls of grief — "Thy will be done!"
O blest the soul that trusts the Holy One,
Who in His bosom bears His lambs away!

"RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

TO T. T.

RED CYPRESS! unto him who grieves,
Reading sad legends in thy leaves,
And finding in thy flower
An emblem of the heart that bleeds,
Say: The red blossom which I bear
Doth symbolize
The sacrifice
Of that sublimest hour
When Love fulfilled all human needs;
Bound Death, the Victor, as a slave;
Flung wide the sealed gates of the Grave,
And set His angels, warders, there.

White Rose! to him who gathers thee
The Flower of Consolation be, —
  Unfolding peace, and not despair.
With sharpest thorns set round,
  Teach him how Life may wear
Sharp griefs, and yet be crowned!

Blue Harebell! that dost tremble
  To the weird breath of Sorrow,
Be to the mourning one Faith's symbol; —
  Since thou dost borrow
    The same soft hue
Her eyes have won with constant looking up:
God filleth thine inverted cup
    With heaven's own blue;
So shall His sweet assurance fill
The heart bowed meekly to His will.

AFTER THE STORM.

ALL night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the Snow-wind and the Sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And Earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessèd redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn,
Love's hidden intent.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

CRUCIFIED!

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

O sad, reproachful Face,
How can I look and live!
O pierced Hands outstretched to save!
O Voice that pleads "Forgive!"

"Forgive!" though crowned with thorns,
And mocked with many a jeer;
"Forgive!" though tortured by the nails,
And wounded by the spear.

O crimson tide of love
Out-gushing from His side,
Flow down, and wash the guilty earth
Where He is still denied!

In penitence my soul
Takes up that cry, "Forgive!"
Flow down, and wash away my sins
That I may look and live!

1868. HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.